

Anecdotes of Horace Greeley.

There were two great peculiarities of his intellectual constitution, not often found together. He was at once speculative and practical. He had a boundless hospitality for new opinions, which he desired at once to submit to the ordeal of actual experiments. But I think that he found out the failures just as soon as anybody; and certainly no one could comment upon them with drier sarcasm or more good-humored frankness. If he had started a Fourier-phalanx, he would have been the first to discover the weak working points. I remember him pulling out of his pocket a small bottle of sorghum sugar, containing probably five ounces, and exhibiting it, half sheepishly and half triumphantly, as the net production of his cultivation of that new plant. For a mean act he had no mercy; for a clumsy or careless one, but little; but his fund of good nature was indomitable. He once, for some reason, reported a dinner in *The Tribune*, and told the public that among the beverages provided were "Heidseck, claret, port, champagne and other wines." When he was chaffed about this, by those who took such liberties sometimes, he only laughed and said, "Well, I am the only man in *The Tribune* office who could have made such a mistake as that,"—which, I am afraid, was literally true. Almost always overworked, he was naturally irritated by intrusions upon his privacy. For a long time, his efforts to cloister himself up were, I am bound to say, humiliating failures. All sorts of people, with the greatest possible variety of bees in their bonnets, managed to evade the slight barriers, got into his presence, and interrupt his industry—people with machines of perpetual motion; with theories about spiritualism; with notions about the next election; with business plans only requiring a small loan to launch them upon the full tide of dividend-paying experiment. There were others with a passionate desire to borrow small or large sums of money; with anxiety to become writers upon the *Tribune*; with manuscripts which they wished to have recommended to some publisher of books; with new religions; with schemes for the abolition of every religion whatever; with mining stocks sure to pay a thousand per cent.; with stories of personal destitution, harrowing to listen to, only requiring the loan of a few shillings to enable the petitioner to go to his friends; widows whose sole claim upon him or upon anybody was that they were widows; orphans, sometimes conspicuously well grown, who had nothing to plead but their orphanage; Irishmen who had lost everything in a desperate attempt to give the green isle a better government; negroes who, perhaps, were born free, and were merely fugitives from Maine or Massachusetts—all these and many others besieged the sanctum, and devised tricks for swindling its occupant. I am satisfied that if Mr. Greeley could have locked his door and kept it locked, he would have died a much richer man. He would try sometimes to be extremely stern and repellent, but it was always a lamentable failure.

I happened to witness one interview which was sufficiently amusing. A widow, or at least a woman in black, wanted to go somewhere, or set up a school, or start a mission in some far-away region of Africa, or do something for sewing girls—never mind what! Mr. Greeley, who was up to his eyes in work, repeatedly told her to go away, and kept on writing. But going away was the last thing which the petticoated philanthropist proposed to do. She kept on talking, and Mr. Greeley kept on writing as well as he could; until at last in sheer desperation, he rushed to the speaking tube which led to the counting-room, and bawled querulously through it, "S—, for mercy sake, send me five dollars!" The money came up; and having thrust it into her hand, and resolutely discouraged the long speech of thanks which she instantly began to make, Mr. Greeley half bowed and half put her out of the little room and went back to his work with a complacent smile illuminating his excellent face. He had purchased his time, and had paid a pretty good price for it.—*Charles T. Congdon's Reminiscences, in N. Y. Tribune.*

How a Physician Captured a Burglar With a Paper Bag.

Dr. Thomas H. Andrews, well known as the demonstrator of anatomy at Jefferson College, returned to his home, No. 1117 Spruce street, about one o'clock Thursday morning. He was about retiring when he heard a noise down stairs, and going to the head of the stairway he discovered the figure of a man moving about the parlor. The Doctor, having no revolver, was nonplussed for the moment how to frighten the burglar. If not capture him, but noticing a small paper bag on a stand he blew it up and clenching it at the top cautiously made his way down stairs. When near the bottom of the stairs he saw the man coming from the parlor. The Doctor brought the bag down on the railing and it exploded with a deafening report. The burglar tumbled over on the floor in a fright, and in an instant Dr. Andrews was upon him. The man begged the Doctor to have mercy upon him, and said he was shot. The noise of the encounter awakened the inmates of the house, and a servant was dispatched for an officer. The frightened burglar continued to beg for mercy, saying that he had a wife and several children. He said his name was George Campbell; he was a bookkeeper and lived in Camden. After a short struggle the burglar succeeded in making his escape. On examining the parlor a subscription book was found, containing about a dozen names, for an edition of Shakespeare, of which a sample copy was left. It is thought that the burglar called to see the Doctor in the afternoon, and not finding him, he hid himself until the family retired, when he began his search for valuables. The theory is borne out by the fact that the servant did leave a man in the office in the afternoon, who said he would wait for the Doctor, and he was not seen to leave.—*Philadelphia Press.*

Frank Doll, a five-year-old boy of McKean County, Pa., was amusing himself with some matches and an old powder keg, the other day, in the upper room of his home. There was just enough powder left in the keg to blow the roof of the house off and mangle the boy so that he died in a short time.

Old Jen's Faith.

No matter to you who old Jen was, further than that she was old and poor, and that the boys sometimes hooted her on the streets for a hag, and people passed her by without a second glance. If she had been a heathen in far off Africa every effort would have been made to save her soul, but as she was a washwoman and beggar at home she had no soul to save. At least no one seemed to think so. Wasn't it curious that never man or woman had a kindly word for that lone old woman until an hour before her death? Think of the number of churches and clergymen and Christian people in Detroit, and then wonder that no one ever stopped this lonely exile on the street as she hobbled along and took her trembling hand and said:

"Poor old woman, how fares it with thee? Have you any sunshine in your last days, or has the world given you burdens and shadows and tears and heartaches?" But no one ever halted here—no one looked into her eyes to read her sorrow—no one cared more for her than for the dogs which trotted past them on the street. The other day as night was coming down mere accident brought strangers into a room so full of dreariness and so lonely with shadows as to make the heart ache. In that drear room old Jen had been dying by inches for days, and now Death sat beside her on her wretched bed. It was little that human hands could do for her, but when words of sympathy fell upon her ears—when she felt the pressure of a hand and knew that some one pitied her—all that wild, haggard look went out of her face in a moment, and was replaced by soft lines and eyes full of tears.

"I—I didn't believe there was any one in all this big world who cared for me!" she gasped, as her tears came afresh, and she wiped them away to look in wonder at the sad faces around her.

"I know that I am in the shadow of death," she said, as the silence grew long, "but I am not afraid. For a dozen years I have starved and shivered and been an object of scorn and contempt—not a word of pity—not a kind wish—not an effort to better my life. It can not be worse beyond the dark river."

"And shall we bring some one to pray for you?"

"I would be mocked!" she whispered. "Churches have not been for me. Prayer-meetings are not for beggars. I have cursed the boys when they hooted at me. I have hated people who had more than I had. Lying here on this old bed, hungry and cold, I have sometimes doubted that there was a God or a Heaven. I have been wicked, but I was old and poor and weak, and all the world seemed to hate me!"

Tears came again, and after awhile she said:

"But there is a God and a Heaven. I have faith in both. Years ago my first-born was taken from me by death. He was but a child, knowing no sin, and he is there among the angels. He will ask God to forgive me. When I cross over the dark river he will be first to meet me on the Heaven-lit shore. Oh! I know that God will, for I was his mother, and I know that God will forgive me, for the life He gave me has been dear with sorrows."

As the minutes ticked away her face grew white and had a tender, womanly look. Her eyes no longer had that story of life's sorrow in them, but instead was a gleam of triumph. It was the triumph of a lone old woman's faith over the contempt of world. She seemed to have fallen asleep, and when the watchers were wondering if she would awake again on earth, she suddenly threw up her arms, clasped her hands, and gasped out:

"My Jamie has pleaded for me, and I will not be kept out of Heaven! I have sinned, but all the world was against me!"

On her face, when she lay dead on her bed of rags, was such a smile of peace and joy and contentment as seldom comes to mortals. Within that poor old body was a soul after all, though the world had denied it, and when it passed through the valley of the shadow it had not one sin to answer for.—*Detroit Free Press.*

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NEW YORK, April 19, 1890.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	7.50 @ 10.25
SHEEP—Common.....	6.00 @ 7.35
HOGS—Live.....
COTTON—Middling.....	13 1/4
WHEAT—Good to Choice.....	7.00
WHEAT—No. 2 Red.....	1.31 @ 1.32
CORN—No. 2.....	40 @ 42
POK—Mess, New.....	10.85 @ 11.00
ST. LOUIS.	
COTTON—Middling..... @ 11 1/4
BEEVES—Choice to Extra.....	4.70 @ 5.10
Good to Prime.....	4.45 @ 4.60
Native Cows.....	4.40 @ 4.60
Texas Steers.....	4.40 @ 4.60
HOGS—Common to Select.....	3.40 @ 3.50
SHEEP—Common to Choice.....	3.40 @ 3.50
WHEAT—No. 2.....	1.08 @ 1.09 1/2
WHEAT—Red Winter, No. 2.....	1.08 @ 1.09 1/2
CORN—No. 2.....	30 @ 30 1/2
OATS—No. 2.....	20 @ 20 1/2
RYE—No. 2.....	20 @ 20 1/2
WHEAT—No. 2.....	20 @ 20 1/2
TOBACCO—Dark Leaf.....	3.00 @ 3.75
Medium Dark Leaf.....	5.00 @ 7.50
Light Dark Leaf.....	10.00 @ 12.00
BUTTER—Choice Dairy.....	23 @ 24
EGGS—Fresh Canned.....	37 @ 37 1/2
POK—Mess, New.....	10.85 @ 11.00
Wool—Tub-washed, Choice.....	57 @ 59
Unwashed, Medium.....	35 @ 38
KANSAS CITY.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	2.90 @ 4.50
Native Cows.....	2.50 @ 3.25
HOGS—Sales at.....	3.65 @ 4.25
WHEAT—No. 2.....	1.08 @ 1.09
CORN—No. 2.....	28 1/2 @ 29
OATS—No. 2.....	20 @ 20 1/2
CHICAGO.	
CATTLE—Native Steers.....	4.00 @ 5.30
HOGS—Common to Choice.....	4.00 @ 4.60
SHEEP—Unshorn.....	5.80 @ 6.50
FLOUR—Winters.....	5.50 @ 7.00
WHEAT—Spring No. 2.....	1.10 @ 1.10 1/2
CORN—Fresh.....	35 1/2 @ 35 3/4
OATS—No. 2.....	28 1/2 @ 29
RYE—No. 2.....	20 @ 20 1/2
POK—Mess.....	10.85 @ 11.00
Wool—Tub-washed, Choice.....	57 @ 59
Unwashed, Medium.....	35 @ 38
NEW ORLEANS.	
FLOUR—High Grades.....	5.25 @ 6.00
CORN—White.....	54 @ 55
OATS—Choice.....	41 @ 42
HAY—Choice.....	24.00 @ 25.00
POK—Mess.....	11.00 @ 11.25
BAOON—.....	65 1/2 @ 67 1/2
COTTON—Middling.....	11 1/4

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